

Only the Stars Will See by TeenCaterpillar

Series: [Harringrove Snippets \[28\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Blow Jobs, Coming In Pants, Dry Humping, I dunno y'all art was posted and i was forced by my brain to write this okay, I mean they're alone in the quarry but like it is outside, M/M, Public Blow Jobs, Sex on a Car

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-03-22

Updated: 2021-03-22

Packaged: 2022-04-01 02:09:59

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,628

Publisher: [archiveofourown.org](#)

Summary:

It was kinda amazing, the way the stars glittered out in rural Indiana. Billy'd never seen them so bright. They shone brightly in the sky, unmarred by the lights of cities and noise. It was peaceful. It was perfect. But the *best* part of it was that Steve was here. They lay together on the hood of Billy's camaro, staring up as they mellowed into their highs. A shared joint, a few beers, it was what Billy wanted in a date. He just didn't *know* if Steve realized that.

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Author's Note:

Art was posted in the discord and OOF I HAD to okay, I *had to write this*.

Here is the art that inspired, thanks to the glorious, wonderous, ever talented warhead_ache.

Unbeta'd

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Steve was glad Billy was so enraptured by the stars because Steve couldn't look away from the freckles littering Billy's nose. They were cute, made him look soft. The moon gave his hair an angelic glow and Steve *couldn't* stop staring. When Billy finally noticed Steve's gaze, he turned his head. They were close, but not close enough. Their breaths mingled but their noses didn't quite touch.

Steve licked his lips.

"Can I kiss you?" He asked, voice soft and intimate. Billy's heart felt fit to burst from his chest.

"Yeah..." Billy murmured, eyes on Steve's lips. Steve cupped Billy's cheek and he let out a quiet gasp at how gentle the touch was. Steve kissed Billy, every ounce of his being poured into it. Billy was lit up inside, already warm down to his toes. He melted into the kiss as Steve's hand came to rest on his collar, fingers tangling in the curls at the nape of his neck. Billy's arms wrapped around Steve, pulling him flush to Billy's body. They kissed, slow and heavy, taking their time to lick into each other's mouths.

Yes, Billy thought. The perfect date.

The kiss made Billy tingle all the way down to his toes. Heat pooled in his belly and groin, his cock slowly filling out. If Billy had been able to focus on something other than the way Steve rolled his tongue in his mouth, he'd notice that Steve was feeling the same. But Billy couldn't think past his lips. Steve pulled back, making Billy let out a whine. A trail of spit connected their lips and Billy's eyes fluttered open. Steve stared at him, face flush and breath coming in heavy. In a swift, *incredibly hot*, movement, Steve straddled Billy. He looked down at him, brown eyes nearly black. The way Steve looked at him, gazing at him like he was something to be desired, be *cherished*... To be so ? Made his breath stutter. Made his heart race. Now Billy could feel how hard they both were and he pulled his lower lip into his mouth, happy to be at Steve's whim.

"Is this okay?" Steve's voice was concerned, ready to stop if needed. Billy placed his hands on Steve's thighs, rubbing at Steve's inseam with his thumbs.

"Yeah."

Steve smiled, crooked and *hot*, before dipping back to kiss Billy at the same time his hips rolled. Billy arched into it, letting out a muffled groan into Steve's mouth. His hands gripped Steve's thighs, doing his best to meet Steve's rolling hips with own. Billy was struggling, the scent of Steve's cologne, his lips and tongue, as well as the feeling of his clothed cock grinding against Billy's overwhelming him. It was all he could do to kiss back, teeth clacking against Steve's. They ignored the twinge of discomfort, Steve instead choosing to suck on Billy's tongue.

The camaro creaked loudly as they rocked, gradually picking up the pace. Billy's hands shifted to Steve's ass, pulling him closer. Steve's back arched and he grunted into Billy's mouth. His lips soon trailed down Billy's cheek and jaw, leaving his lips red and glistening as he panted. He could feel how hot his face was, felt the wet patch starting in his boxers. It was only getting bigger as they rocked and Billy *loved* it. Steve's lips attached to his neck, sucking at his pulse. Billy's hands spasmed as he tightly shut his eyes, exposing more of his neck to Steve with a tilt of his head. Steve, who was hovering

Billy's neck like his life depended on it. The salty taste of Billy's skin and the way he arched into each kiss, each touch, made Steve's brain stutter. He barely heard the loud creaking of the car, so focused on each small gasp and whine Billy let out, involuntarily it seemed.

When Steve ground down his hips and bit at the hickey he'd just left Billy gasped, cumming in his pants with a loud moan. His dick jumped against Steve's and he could feel it even through the fabric. It made Steve smirk into Billy's neck. He turned his head slightly, brown eyes teasing.

"Thought *Big Billy* would last longer," he said, voice raspy and full of lust. Billy panted, snorting lightly.

"Don't push your luck, pretty boy," he replied. Steve's smirk only grew. "Besides, who said I was a one and done kinda man?"

"Then I hope you can go for round two," Steve said. Billy looked at him, eyes wide as Steve slid down his torso. The hot mouth, licking and sucking at the wet spot on his jeans wasn't a *surprise*, but Billy was still sensitive. He cried out, head thumping back against the hood of the car. "*Shit*, Harrington!" Steve just chuckled, continuing his assault on Billy's jeans. He licked at the denim, flicking Billy's fly open with his fingers. The smell of musk and cologne filled his nostrils and he nuzzled into the hair there. Breathed deep and heavy. Steve was leaking steadily in his jeans, but all he could focus on was Billy. The noises he made, the way he looked in the moonlight. Billy lifted his hips so Steve could shimmy his jeans down enough to start sucking at his dick through his boxers.

Steve was glad they were at the quarry. Billy was *loud*, letting out moans and grunts as Steve toyed with him. He could feel Billy filling out again against his tongue and he grinned. His smile only grew as Billy's fingers threaded through his hair.

"S-Steve—" Billy choked out. Billy didn't often say his name and the sound went right to Steve's cock. He pulled Billy out of his boxers, stroking his dick slowly, using his cum as lube. He pressed the flat of his tongue against the weeping tip, licking up the cum and pre that covered Billy's cock. He looked up, right into Billy's eyes. He was transfixed, blue eyes with fluttering lashes, unable to look away from

where Steve's tongue swirled around the head. His face was red, flushed with arousal, and Steve felt pride bloom in his chest.

Steve took Billy into his mouth, slurping around his cock. Billy bit his lip before his mouth dropped open, panting as he watched Steve begin to bob. Steve's eyes never left his, staring him down with hooded eyes, full of emotions Billy couldn't decipher. Not yet. He was sure the same ones were reflected in his own, but he could think about that later. Could think about the way Steve's smile made him weak in the knees, how his laugh made Billy feel complete. How he loved him.

"*Fuck!*" Billy shouts as Steve gives a scrape of his teeth. He glares a little but Steve just smiles around his dick, bobbing faster now. Billy could feel his release building, his breath coming in shorter and shorter. Steve was *focused*. His mind was only Billy. *Billy, Billy, Billy*. He sucked, tongue swirling around the shaft as he pulled back. His breath puffed against the head and Billy whined, so fucking close. Steve reached down, grinding the meat of his palm against his erection, straining against the unforgiving denim of his jeans. He kept up the pressure, biting his lip as he stared at Billy's dick. It glistened with spit and cum, pre still dribbling down. Steve grabbed Billy's shaft, stroking as he pulled one of Billy's balls into his mouth. He sucked, moving from one to the other as he teased the slit of Billy's cock with his thumb.

Billy's brain was fuzz, static, barely holding onto reality. The pleasure from Steve's teasing was almost painful, but stayed on the edge of pleasure. He threw his head back again, grunting as Steve sucked. Steve let Billy's testicle drop from his mouth with a pop, letting it drag down his chin so it could leave a trail of spit. He took Billy's cock into his mouth again, abusing the head and slit with his tongue and he stroked Billy's shaft, fast and unforgiving.

Billy's shout when he came, shooting onto Steve's tongue, was *loud*. It echoed through the Quarry, disturbing some birds, and the thought that *he'd* done that, that Steve had been able to make Billy cum that hard, was enough for Steve. He moaned around the head of Billy's cock, cumming in his pants. He could feel the jizz oozing out and onto his palm as he continued to grind his hand against himself, and it sent a shudder through him. Steve swallowed everything Billy shot,

letting his dick fall from his mouth. They both stopped to catch their breath, Steve resting his forehead on Billy's thigh.

"C'mere," Billy slurred, mind still mashed potatoes. Steve listened, not bothering to do up Billy's jeans, but he did tuck him back in. When Steve was close enough, Billy grabbed his face and pulled him into a deep kiss. This one was passionate, but softer than before. Hungry and needy, but so full of *happiness*. Steve cupped Billy's jaw, pulling back to smile at him, thumb rubbing along the scruff on Billy's cheek.

"I..." Steve began, words getting stuck in his throat. Still, Billy smiled.

"Me too."